

The Historie of

That were his Lackies: I cried hum, and well, go to,
But markt him not a word; O, he is as tedious
As a tyred Horse, a rayling Wife,
Worse then a smokie House. I had rather linc
With Cheese and Garlick in a Windmill farre,
Then feed on cates, and haue him talke to me,
In any Summer-house in Christendome.

Mor. In fayth he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read and profited
In strange concealements, valiant as a Lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountifull
As Mines of *India*: shall I tell you, Coosen,
He holdes your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himselfe, euen of his naturall scope,
When you come crosse his humour, sayth he does:
I warrant you, that man is not aliue.
Might so haue tempted him, as you haue done,
With out the taste of danger and reproofe:
But doe not vse it oft, let me intreat you.

Wor. In fayth, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,
And since your comming hither, haue done enough
To put him quite besides his patience:
You must needes learne, Lord, to amend this fault,
Though sometimes it shew greatnesse, courage, blood,
And thats the dearest grace it renders you:
Yet often times it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of gouernment,
Pride, hautinesse, opinion, and disdain;
The least of which, haunting a Nobleman,
Loseth mens heartes, and leaues behind a stain
Vpon the beautie of all partes besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hor. Well, I am schoold, Good-manners be your speed,
Heere come your Wiues, and let vs take our leaue.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mor. This is the deadly spight that angers me,
My Wife can speake no *English*, I no *Welsh*.

Glen. My Daughter weepes, sheele not part with you,
Sheele

Henry the

Sheele be a souldier too, sheele to

Mor. Good father tell her, that
Shall follow in your conduct spee
*Glendower speakes to her in w
him in the fan*

Glen. She is desperat heere,
A peeuisish selfe-wild harlotry, or
good vpon.

The Lady speakes in

Mor. I vnderstand thy lookes:
Which thou powrest downe from
I am to perfect in, and but for sha
In such a parley should I answer

The Lady againe in

Mor. I vnderstand thy kisses,
And thats a feeling disputation:
But I will neuer be a truant loue,
Till I haue learnd thy language, for
Makes *welsh* as sweets as ditties
Sung by a faire Queene in a Sum
With rauishing diuision to her lu

Glen. Nay, if thou melt, then v

The Lady speakes againe

Mor. O, I am ignorance it se

Glen. She bids you on the wan
And rest your gentle head vpon
And she will sing the song that p
And on your eyelids crowne the
Charming your blood with pleas
Making such difference betwixt
As is the difference betwixt day
The houre before the heavenly h
Begins his golden progresse in the

Mor. With all my heart Ile sit
By that time will our booke I thi
Glen. Do so, and those Musitio
Hang in the ayre a thousand leag
And straight they shall be here, f